

## NANCY PENN MONROE, CO-FOUNDER

by Laurie A. Monroe

*"I neither slumber nor sleep and you must learn that your soul neither slumbers nor sleeps. Once you realize this, you are aware of your spiritual vitality and wakefulness to your high consciousness. In so knowing you will understand that I am truly closer than your hands and your feet. In this knowing, in this knowledge, we are one. Live in truth. Be truth. Live in beauty. Become an artist in living."*

### EXPLORER Session

Nancy Penn Monroe

Nancy Penn Monroe was truly an artist in her own life. Her beauty and gentleness enhanced the lives of all who knew her. She was the cofounder of the Institute and was married to Bob for twenty-three years. She made her transition on August 15, 1992.

Nancy's heritage stems from an old Virginia family, the Penns, dating back before the American Revolution. She was brought up in the southern tradition, which was evident in her mannerisms and stately grace and dignity. She always had a smile for everyone and put others' needs before her own. She did not know the meaning of the word "hate," and her expression of unconditional love was felt by many. Nancy never met a stranger. She had a kind word for everyone she met, whether it was the state trooper who had just written her a speeding ticket or the lady at the checkout line in the supermarket. Her energy was boundless. She was mindful of the rights of others and never asserted her will upon them. She was an example of love that one could reflect upon it any time. Love was her motivator and she knew the "secret" was to be consciously connected to the Light of love.

I was fortunate to have many wonderful experiences with Nancy since the age of fifteen. I knew and recognized the specialness of who she was and held that knowing very close to my heart throughout the years. In a recent experience in *EXPLORATION 27*<sup>®</sup>, I was told I was to receive a healing. A tremendous warmth enveloped my physical body. I felt very light as if I were floating. There was a tingling sensation in my body and there were beautiful rays of golden light all around me. Several rays of pure white light were surrounding me and there was this remarkable feeling of love—so much more than words can express. Tears were rolling down my cheeks as I remained in his encompassing feeling of unconditional love. The CHEC unit became brighter and brighter as the rays of light seemed to join together as one. I had a strong sense that Nancy was with me, and I asked if she was there. As the rays came together into a single beam of white light, I felt my right hand being squeezed. I knew it was Nancy, for I recognized her energy within the light. It was so reassuring to feel her, to actually experience a

physical validation of her presence, to know that there is no separateness. We are all connected. We are all one.

Nancy loved foxes, and we collected them together for over twenty years. Many of these precious collections can be seen in the Fox Den at the Center. The fox is very much akin to Nancy's nature. Known to be the observer for its ability to be unseen, the fox is the symbol for the protector of the family. Nancy was a protector as well as a provider of nurturing and caring. She had the ability to adapt to any change, which was advantageous in her relationship with Bob. Able to perceive objectively almost any situation, with swiftness of thought and action she would integrate all that she observed in order to maintain the unity of all concerned. Just as the fox is able to camouflage itself in the woods, Nancy's keen perceptions helped her to know instantly what would happen next. Her psychic abilities and her intuition were always available to her. Her attributes and those of the fox are perhaps one and the same.

Here we see Nancy in everything around us. As co-founder of the Institute, she was involved in the inception of what my father had built. The many beautiful creations in and around the Center are from Nancy. The interior design of the building itself was the result of her creative efforts. The gorgeous Bradford Pear trees that line the roadway as you enter the Institute grounds are the result of her thoughts. On the day of her celebration of life ceremony in David Francis Hall, the Center was dedicated to her by my father, thus the Nancy Penn Center. As my father said, she was too self-effacing to permit it before that moment.

Nancy began a story, "The City Not Made with Hands," which is unfinished. She always said she did not have the time. Perhaps now—with our explorations—the story can be completed, as we know Nancy's "city not made with hands" from direct experience of the Park and Focus 27. Perhaps that is how she wanted the story to be finished—There rather than here.

The love, the essence of Nancy, the essence of Bob, remain with us always, sometimes in very subtle ways. You can physically see it in the fleeting fox, feel it from the soft gentle breeze, smell it in the budding of springtime, taste it in the Silver Queen corn, and hear it in the stillness of a winter's snow.

Such beautiful gifts. Indeed!

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